

Notes From a Place That Doesn't Exist

THE CONSCIOUSNESS CYCLE

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Notes From a Place That Doesn't Exist

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THRESHOLD

I don't know what you'll take from here.

You don't need to know that now.

It's enough to leave behind, for a moment, the world that demands explanations for everything.

The rest will happen on its own.

PROLOGUE

This place has no address.

You won't find it on any map — it doesn't belong to any nation, system, or era.

It exists only when you pause for a moment and allow yourself to be the person you were before anyone tried to correct you.

They say it doesn't exist.

But everyone who has ever felt the world trying to fit them into a box taped together long before they were born — has been here at least once.

I thought I was the first one.

At least that's how it felt back then.

This place was built from silence, from stubbornness, from an early conviction that freedom isn't a luxury but a responsibility we owe to ourselves.

It began the moment a small boy told the truth — that he'd rather stay home and play on his computer — and discovered that honesty is a currency most people don't accept.

Since then, I return here whenever I smell the trace of a decision someone tries to make for me.

This is my refuge.

My rebellion.

My operating system.

This is not an organised story.

There's no beginning, middle, or end — those frames already exist, and this place does not.

Start reading wherever you want.

Stop when you lose interest.

This place won't mind if you leave it for a week, a month, a year.

It will wait — ready for the next piece of your own story.

If you sometimes feel like you don't fit — good.

That means you're already here.

Welcome to the place that doesn't exist.

And yet, it's more real than everything you were told to accept as normal.

AUTHOR'S MANIFESTO

I'm not writing this to convince you.

I'm not trying to teach you how to live, sell you a formula, or prove that I'm right.

I'm writing this because I've always felt the world trying to speak for me — and I never agreed to that.

This is not a guidebook or an autobiography.

It's not something you can summarise.

It's a collection of traces left by someone who knew one thing since childhood:

I will not live according to other people's decisions.

If you find anything here — it will be because you were already searching for it.

If something touches you — it's because you've thought about it long before.

If you feel relief — it means you, too, have tried to fit into a world that was never made for people like us.

I have no idols.

I don't need a crowd.

I don't believe in authorities that demand obedience.

I believe in one thing: **freedom is the first and last language worth learning.**

This is the record of someone who never knew how to pretend.

If you feel the same — welcome.

If not — stay, but don't expect a lesson.

Read wherever you want.
Skip whatever you want.
Close it whenever you want.

This place doesn't need your attention to exist.
But if you stay — you might, for a moment, see your own life from a place
that officially isn't there.

This place exists only when you are yourself.

That's the only condition.
The rest — is yours.

If You Need to Know How to Read This — You Don't

I have no instructions for you.

This place follows no order.

There's no right sequence here, no beginning, no end.

You can enter at any fragment.

At a line that stirs something in you —

or one that does nothing at all. That's fine too.

This isn't a map, a path, or a system.

It's a space that opens only when you have a moment for it.

You can close it halfway through a sentence.

You can return to wherever something stayed.

Or not return at all.

If something draws you in — go there.

If something pushes you away — skip it.

Nothing here requires a decision from you except one:

to allow yourself to be.

You don't need to know how to read this.

It's enough that you're here.



The Place That Wasn't Supposed to Exist

I didn't plan this place.

It appeared by accident — the moment I first realised that telling the truth isn't welcome.

It's strange how people teach children to be honest, and then punish them for taking that lesson seriously.

I remember that day more as an atmosphere than an event.

Someone asked if I wanted to go to the cinema.

I said no — I'd rather stay home and play on my computer.

Nothing dramatic. No revolution.

But in that small, ordinary answer, something cracked — not in me, but in the world.

That was when I learned that the simplest sentence can cause disappointment, confusion, even anger.

That people want the truth only when it fits their expectations.

Everything else they call “attitude,” “rudeness,” or “ingratitude.”

That was the first place I retreated to — inside myself.

I didn't yet have the words to name it.

But I already knew there was a space where I didn't have to pretend, explain myself, or apologise for what I really think.

That place wasn't an escape.

It was a beginning.

The beginning of the person I was going to become.



Life kept trying to pull me out of it — school, work, people with ready-made scripts who were convinced they knew how I should live.

But I always came back.

Faster each time.

More certain each time.

Some places are created by accident and turn out to be the only places where you can breathe.

This is one of them.

Not for the world.

For me.



Lessons in Silence

Silence is not emptiness.

People often confuse the two, because most are afraid of the moment they're left alone with their thoughts.

I was never afraid of mine.

I was more afraid of the noise — the kind that tries to drown out what actually matters.

The first lesson of silence came quickly:

when you speak less, you hear more.

Not other people's voices — those are predictable.

Your own.

In noise, it's easy to mistake someone else's expectations for your own desires.

In silence, that mistake is impossible.

I also realised that not everyone can be alone, and even fewer can be alone with themselves.

Some people need crowds so they don't have to hear their own inner world.

They need chaos so they don't have to ask themselves difficult questions.

I was the opposite: crowds drained me, and chaos knocked me off balance.

Silence gave me clarity.

It taught me that I don't need an opinion on everything,

a reaction to every word, or a presence in every conversation.

That I can leave before it gets loud — and that it's perfectly fine.



The second lesson of silence was harder:

sometimes silence hurts.

Especially when you realise that most people don't understand the simple things that are obvious to you.

That the freedom you love feels threatening to others.

That the honesty you see as natural sounds like an attack to them.

This is the kind of silence that appears when someone leaves — someone who never truly saw you.

There's no shouting.

No drama.

Only a sudden sense of space — larger than it should be.

But there is a third lesson, the most important one:

silence isn't loneliness if you choose it.

Silence becomes a home only when you allow it to speak.

And it says just one thing:

be yourself, even if no one understands it.

And that is enough.



How to Build Your Own World When the One You're Given Exhausts You

The world is rarely ready for people who think for themselves.

For most, that's uncomfortable.

Independence disrupts the pattern — and patterns give them the illusion of safety.

I spent a long time looking for my place, until I finally realised that what I was searching for didn't exist — so I would have to build it.

Not with a grand gesture.

Not with a revolution.

But with a series of small, consistent decisions:

I don't want this, I want that.

I won't do it that way, I'll do it my way.

I don't agree — so I won't pretend that I do.

This is the foundation of your own world: the ability to say “no” long before you fully know what your “yes” will look like.

The world I was given at the start was too tight.

Too loud.

Too full of people who felt the need to tell others how they should live.

It exhausted me.

It was like wearing someone else's clothes — they might look fine, but they itch, they pinch, and you can't breathe in them.



So I began cutting out everything in reality that wasn't mine.

First, the small things:

how I worked, how I spoke, how I thought.

Then the bigger ones:

who has access to my energy — and who doesn't.

And finally, the biggest of all:

what freedom means to me, and what is only a manufactured sense of obligation.

People like to ask:

“Why can't you just do it like everyone else?”

The answer is simple:

because then I'm no longer myself.

And if I'm meant to disappear into someone else's plan for my life,
what am I doing here at all?

Building your own world isn't about making everything perfect.

It's about making it yours.

Your choices.

Your mistakes.

Your consequences.

In a world you build yourself, even failures are lighter —
because at least they belong to you.



The simplest instruction is this:

- Listen to your intuition — it doesn't lie.
- Distance yourself from people who try to make decisions for you.
- Make space for the things that give you energy.
- Don't apologise for choosing yourself.
- Change direction when you feel the old one no longer carries you.

At some point you discover something else:

the world you've built doesn't need to be accepted by anyone but you.

It doesn't need to be logical to others.

It doesn't need to be "understood."

It doesn't need to fit into any category.

It only needs to be a space where you can breathe.

And if you want to know whether you're in the right place, the answer is simple:

if you don't feel pressure — you are.



A Note You Can Skip

You don't have to read this.
Nothing here is necessary,
but if you opened it — something pulled you in anyway.

I don't know what.
And I'm not trying to guess.

Sometimes the most important things
hide exactly where you're least expecting them.

Skip this if you want.
What's meant for you will find its way to you regardless.



Places Where Only I Had Been

There were places no one had access to.
Not because I hid them from anyone.
Simply because no one ever looked there —
most people focus only on what is loud, bright, predictable.
My places were quiet.
And quiet doesn't attract crowds.

The first one was simple:
a room, a computer, a world in which everything depended on me.
There were no judgments there, no expectations, no false reactions.
It was just me and things I could create.
That was the first world that truly understood that freedom isn't a luxury
— it's something you breathe.

The second place came later — somewhere between disappointments and discoveries.
It took the form of a space in my mind that opened during travel.
Not the grand kind.
Sometimes all it took was a new country, new food, the feeling of being nobody in a place where no one knows you.
That gave me air.
Being anonymous is a luxury people don't appreciate.
In it, there are no roles.
Only curiosity.



The third place was the strangest one:
moments when I was physically in the world, but mentally one step beside it.

Not disconnected.

Observing.

The situations where you see more than everyone else because you're not pulled into their patterns.

That place was my advantage — it kept me from drowning in other people's problems, and showed me what needed to be done to move forward.

The fourth place arrived when I started creating for real.

When things began to grow, to live, to develop without limits.

That's when I understood that building gives me a kind of energy nothing else can replace.

It wasn't about the projects.

It was about meaning.

Creating is the only moment in which I need nothing from the world.

It is enough that I exist.

And then there is the fifth place — the one I visit the least, because it appears only when something truly important shifts inside me.

The place where I ask myself whether I haven't lost my freedom along the way.



Whether something hasn't pressed me down, whether I haven't started
living on autopilot.
The silence there is heavier than anywhere else.
But truer.

These places are not chronological.
They're not logical.
They don't form a map you can hand over to someone else.
They exist only because I existed — in those specific moments,
in that particular configuration of life.

Sometimes I wonder if anyone else has places like that.
Private rooms in the mind to which the world has no key.

And then I remind myself that it doesn't matter.
Those places were mine.
And that is enough.



What Isn't Here Matters Too

Not everything is meant to appear here.

Not because it's unimportant.

Sometimes the most important things stay outside the page.

Some thoughts function better at a distance.

Some memories lose their meaning the moment you dress them in words.

Some truths are so delicate that language would only flatten them.

What isn't here isn't a mistake.

It's a choice.

Absence is also a form of presence.

It makes room for your own associations, your own stories, your own silences.

If you don't find something here,
maybe it's because it belongs to you,
not to me.

Not everything that matters needs to be spoken.

Sometimes the heaviest things are the ones that stay in the shade.



What Happens Between the Lines

The most happens in the places where nothing is written.

In the pauses that look like emptiness but are only silence that hasn't yet found its words.

In the breaths no one notices, because everyone searches for meaning only in what's visible.

There is no structure between the lines.

No logic.

No narration.

Only whatever appears in your mind before you begin to think about it.

I didn't try to fill every gap.

Some I left on purpose —

so you'd have somewhere to pause,

to turn,

or to go back.

Not everything needs a name to be true.

What stays between the lines belongs to you.

Not to me.



The Man Who Doesn't Wait for Permission

I've always been surprised by how many people need permission to live.
As if someone convinced them that every decision requires approval.
That before they do anything of their own, they must ask the world
whether they're "allowed."

Before I understood this, I assumed we all had the same mechanism inside:
if I want something — I do it.
If I don't — I don't.
Simple.
Logical.
Natural.

It turned out that for most people, it isn't.

I also realised something else:
the world doesn't reward people who wait.
It rewards those who act.
But most people know this and still choose to stand still — because risk
scares them more than stagnation.

I never knew how to wait for permission.
Permissions are for those who need confirmation that their life is
"acceptable."
For me, acceptance was always a side effect of action — never a condition
for taking it.



I made decisions intuitively.

Not because I was certain.

Certainty is a luxury that arrives only later — when everything is already done.

Intuition was, and still is, my compass. And a compass doesn't ask for permission — it simply points.

Some people asked me:

“But what if you're wrong?”

The answer was always the same:

if it's my mistake, I can carry it.

If it's someone else's decision forced onto me — that, I can never carry.

This is why I never wanted anyone to decide for me.

It wasn't about stubbornness.

It was about truth.

A person who lets others decide for them will always live in the shade.

And I am not a shade.

There are people who stand still for years, waiting for the moment when everything will be “ready.”

The perfect condition.

The perfect timing.

The perfect opportunity.

That moment doesn't exist.

Only action does.

Building, creating, taking risks, changing direction — all of it came from one thought that kept returning to me like an echo:

if you feel something is yours — go after it.

Even if no one understands it.

Even if the world insists “it’s not the time.”

Even if someone tries to stop you.

I don't wait for permission, because I know one thing:

the world will never give it to people

who have the courage to think for themselves.

And thankfully so.



When You Lose the Thread — Don't Search for It

You may lose your way here.

That's normal.

This space wasn't built to lead you from point A to point B.

Threads appear and disappear as if they have a will of their own.

If something slips away — let it go.

The threads meant for you will return on their own.

The ones that don't were never yours.

Don't try to force everything into a whole.

Not everything needs to be whole.

Some things are only a moment, a brief reflection, gone faster than it arrives on the page.

Losing the thread isn't a mistake.

It's a way of finding what truly stays.

Don't search.

What matters will find its way to you anyway.

The rest can disappear.



Conversations You Never Had

I never said:

“I’m not the person you want me to be.”

Though I should have.

Because I carried that sentence in me forever — like a key to a door no one ever noticed.

I never said:

“Don’t ask me why I choose differently.

You’d ask yourself if you had the courage.”

But back then I didn’t yet know that people don’t ask to understand.

They ask to make sure you don’t stand out.

I never said:

“You don’t have to agree with my decisions.

They’re for me, not for you.”

Because everyone is taught from childhood that decisions should be “reasonable.”

But no one defines whose reason is supposed to matter.

I never said:

“Stop trying to fix me.”

Because people believe they know what’s best for others.

And I realised far too early that it’s an illusion.

Everyone knows only their own path — everything else is projection.



I never said:

“I don’t like crowds.

It’s not shyness — it’s a choice.”

Because in a world that loves noise, silence looks like a flaw.

And I simply breathe differently.

I never said this:

“That I’m not here to meet your expectations.”

Because to most people, that sentence sounds like conflict.

To me, it sounds like peace.

I never said:

“I’m not against you.

I’m for myself.”

People love to see declarations of war in decisions that are only
declarations of freedom.

I never said:

“I don’t want to play a game I never chose.”

Even though that sentence came to me in moments of deepest exhaustion
— exhaustion from pretending that certain things mattered to me.

I never said:

“I don’t need your permission.”

But every move I made said it for me.



The most important thing I never said was this:
“If I’m hard to understand, it’s not because I’m complicated.
It’s because I don’t come as a package deal.”

Maybe it’s good those conversations never happened.
Maybe they would never have been understood.
Maybe the answers I would’ve received would only confirm everything I
already know.

Some sentences live better in silence.
They don’t need to be spoken.
It’s enough that they’re true.



Places That Were Left Empty on Purpose

There are fragments I didn't touch.

Not because I had nothing to say.

Simply because not everything is meant to be written down.

Some places exist only when they're empty.

They don't need explanation, expansion, or a name.

Emptiness is a form of content too — just a different one.

Sometimes a truer one.

If everything here were filled in, there would be no space left for you — for your associations, memories, images.

For whatever comes to your mind between one line and the next.

The silence between fragments isn't a mistake.

I left it there deliberately.

It's a space where you can breathe, pause, or do nothing at all.

Places that are empty don't ask to be filled.

They simply remind you that not everything in life needs a continuation.

Sometimes the absence of words is the most honest answer.



Darkness and Light

There are days when the world feels light.

The air is clear, decisions come easily, and things fall into place as if someone quietly moved the obstacles aside.

That is light.

Rare, unpredictable, but always real.

And then there are days when everything grows heavier.

Thoughts slow down, the body quiets, and the world seems to step half a pace away.

Nothing dramatic.

No great tragedies.

Just darkness — the calm kind, the one that doesn't need to shout.

This darkness is the one I know best.

It isn't the darkness from films.

It's the darkness that arrives when you've been standing still for too long.

When you stop creating.

When you start living on someone else's terms or pretend, even for a moment, that it doesn't affect you.

Darkness doesn't appear to scare you.

It appears to remind you:

if you're not creating, you're dying — piece by piece.



I couldn't name it for a long time.

I only saw that when I did something that had meaning — I regained an energy you can't get in any other way.

As if light appears wherever something grows, and fades wherever something stands still.

The worst part of darkness?

Not loneliness.

Loneliness is something you can get used to — especially when it's a choice.

The worst part is the silence that comes when you feel you could disappear and no one would notice.

A silence with no echo.

No witnesses.

No trace.

The fear of loneliness isn't a shameful secret.

It's a signal that you're alive and still want something from the world.

The problem is that this fear is sometimes stronger than everything else — stronger than the fear of mistakes, of falling, of losing.

But light is stubborn.

It always returns when I begin to create.

It's like lighting yourself again — without fireworks, without witnesses, without needing anyone to see it.

Creating, for me, is what rest is for others.

Or sleep.

Or prayer.



I realised at some point that you don't always have to choose between darkness and light.

They exist side by side.

They overlap.

Sometimes you have to step into the darkness to notice that the light didn't disappear — it only moved a little further on.

Darkness is not an enemy.

It is a reminder.

Light is not a reward.

It is proof that I'm moving in the right direction.

And the most important thing is this:

light appears wherever I am myself.

Darkness — wherever I stop being.



A Page Where Nothing Exists



Not Everything I Feel Can Be Written Down

I'm not trying to capture everything in sentences.

Not everything fits.

Some things are too quick, too quiet, or too personal to be sealed inside words.

There are feelings that can't be carried into a line.

There are thoughts that last only a second and then disappear as if they were never there.

There are moments you can only feel, not describe.

I'm not trying to fix that.

Sometimes the absence of a word is the most accurate description.

What isn't here

is just as important

as what is written.



A Page That Tries to Prove Nothing

Not everything needs a purpose.

Not everything has to lead to a conclusion.

Not every thought needs a point, and not every sentence requires a meaning greater than the fact that it simply exists.

There are moments when the most honest thing you can do is to leave things unsaid.

To let the words stay where they fell and not try to lift them, organise them, or polish them.

This page isn't here to convince you.

It isn't here to change you.

It isn't here to show you that it sees more, knows better, or understands deeper.

It simply exists.

Quietly.

Without ambition.

Without intention.

Without weight.

Sometimes that's enough.



Notes from a Future That Doesn't Exist Yet

I've always had the feeling that I walk half a step ahead of my own life.

Not far enough to get lost.

Not close enough to get stuck.

Just far enough to sense when something is beginning to grow beneath the surface — long before the first sign appears.

The future isn't something that “arrives” for me.

The future is like a quiet echo you hear long before anyone else notices the sound.

You don't need to know the direction.

You only need to know that something is approaching.

I often feel it in the least obvious moments.

In a short sentence that appears in my mind and disappears.

In a sudden tension that comes without a reason.

In that split second when I know something must be done — even when logic insists it's not the time.

I don't believe in destiny.

I believe in intuitive movements that look like coincidence only to those who don't understand them.

The future is built from those movements.

From impulses.

From decisions made in moments when everyone else is still asleep.



There are also futures that will never happen.
The ones that could have been created, but I didn't choose them.
I don't regret them.
Every path not taken is protection from a life in which I would have been
someone other than myself.

Sometimes I look ahead and see fog.
But fog doesn't stop me.
You enter fog with intuition, not sight.
If you feel you should go — you go.
If you feel something pulling you down — you turn back.
It's simple.
The world only complicates it with other people's expectations.

I've always felt that the future and I have a kind of partnership.
I take a step — it makes space.
I let something go — it returns something.
I make a decision — it arranges the consequences.
Not as a reward — but as the order of things.



What surprises me most is this:
people believe the future begins “someday.”
That you have to wait for it, prepare for it, earn it.
But it always begins here — in the thought that appears suddenly and
refuses to leave.
In the impulse that has no shape yet, but has a texture: it is yours.

The future that doesn’t exist yet is the most honest place I know.
It holds no pressure, no history, no obligations.
No mistakes.
No past trying to dress you up as someone you no longer are.

There is only space.
Possibility.
Silence before movement.

And a decision waiting for you to say “yes.”



If Something Stays with You, It Won't Be by Accident

Not everything you read will stay with you.

And it doesn't have to.

Some lines are only passages to others.

Some appear for a moment just to stir something in you and then disappear.

Others will return later, when you no longer remember where you first saw them.

Nothing here has a task or a mission.

I'm not trying to leave marks on purpose.

What stays will choose itself.

Maybe it will be one sentence, maybe half a thought,

or maybe only a feeling

that's hard to name.

If something stays with you, it's because it was yours before you even read it.

I only uncovered it.



For Those Who Found Their Way Here

I don't know who you are.

I don't know what you're looking for or what exactly you found in these notes.

But if you made it here — it means you came from the right place.

This place isn't for the crowd.

Crowds don't like silence, don't like solitude, don't like people who think for themselves.

Crowds get lost where instructions end.

But if you're reading this now, it means you recognise something in yourself that's hard to name:

that tension between who you are and who you were told to be.

That difference you've seen for years but no one ever named.

That delicate but stubborn feeling that the world makes a bit too much noise — and that a person has the right to live quietly if they choose.

I'm not looking for followers or believers.

I don't want you to live the way I do.

I only want you to know this:

if you feel like you don't fit — it isn't a flaw.

It's a sign that you have your own path.



The world loves people who fit in.

But it's the ones who don't fit who change everything — even if no one notices at first.

Maybe you've felt a step beside your whole life.

Maybe it seemed like others were given simpler instructions for how to be human.

Maybe you've carried the same thing under your skin:

a quiet longing for a place where you don't have to prove anything.

If that's the case — it means you're already here.

In a place that isn't on any map, a place that exists only when you are yourself.

I won't give you advice — you'll do things your own way anyway.

I won't give you promises — the future is a conversation between you and your intuition.

I won't give you direction — directions don't work on people like us.

I can tell you only one thing:

you're not alone.



Not in what you feel.

Not in what you think.

Not in how deeply you want to live truthfully, even if it's harder.

If any of these words resonate with you — keep them.

Not because they matter to the world.

The world will manage.

Keep them for yourself.

The place you've arrived at has no doors and no walls.

You don't need to return to it — it exists wherever you are.

And the rest?

The rest is freedom.

Yours.



A Page That Looks Back

And now — you.



An Epilogue That Isn't an Epilogue

Nothing ends here.

It's only the moment when the words step back and the rest belongs to the silence.

If something stayed with you — that's enough.

If nothing stayed — that's fine too.

Not everything has to lead somewhere.

Sometimes it's enough that it existed for a moment.

You can close this world now,
or return to it whenever you want.

It won't disappear.

It only waits until you have space in yourself again to open it.

The rest happens outside the lines.



If anything in this place felt close to you,
then it means I didn't write in vain.

— Michal